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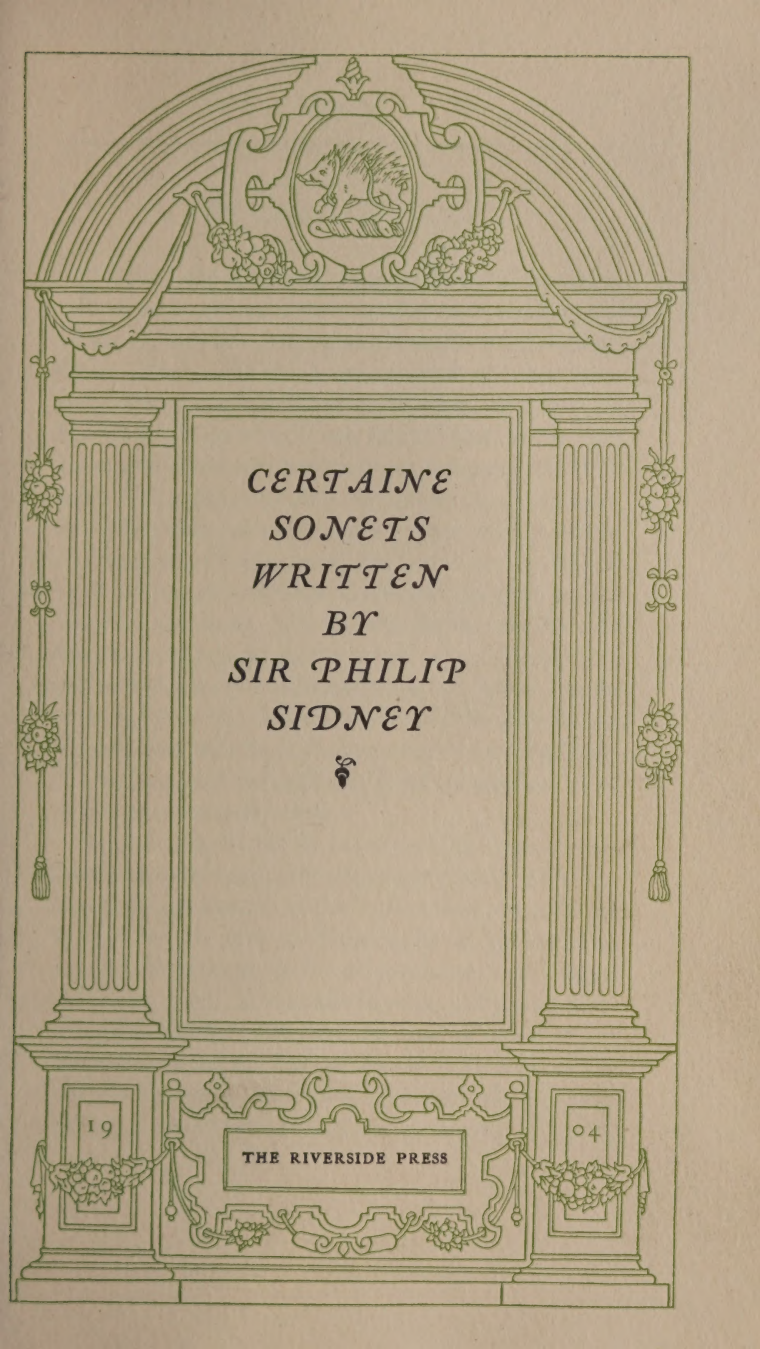
Certaine Sonets


CERTAINE
SONETS
WRITTEN
BY
SIR PHILIP
SIDNEY
19
THE RIVERSIDE PRESS
04

INTRODUCTION.

THIS group of sonnets, songs, and poetical translations appears never to have been published separately; yet it has always been in a sense separate from the rest of Sidney's poems. Though it is for the most part on the same theme as the *Astrophel and Stella* series, it was not included with that set of sonnets when it was first published in the 1591 quartos, nor has it ever been treated as an integral part of the series. Of the thirty-one pieces here printed, eight were published for the first time in Constable's *Diana* in 1594 and the collection as a whole appeared first in the *Arcadia* folio of 1598, where, under the title of *Certaine Sonets*, it precedes *Astrophel and Stella*. It is similarly placed, with the same title, in the 1613 quarto, known as the Countess of Pembroke's edition, and it is this version which has been followed in the present publication. The general flavor of the early text has been retained, with its peculiarities of spelling and capitalization, but, for the sake of uniformity, headings have been added to such poems as lacked them.

As to the import of the poems, no little ingenuity has been spent in the endeavor to give a literal autobiographic interpretation to them, as well as to the whole *Astrophel and Stella* series. In such an interpretation as has been constructed, for example, by Pollard and Grosart, the separate poems have been related to definite events and periods in the friendship of Sidney with the Lady Penelope Devereux, the Stella of the sonnets. Thus the famous lyrics *Love's Dirge* and *The Smokes of Melancholy* have been taken to record Sidney's resentment and despair on hearing of Stella's

marriage to Lord Rich. Similarly, the song with the refrain "No! no! no! no!" and the two sonnets, *When to my deadlie pleasure* and *All my sense*, are given as records of meetings between Sidney and Lady Rich after her marriage, while the three sonnets beginning, *In wonted walks*, *If I could think*, and *Oft have I musde*, are regarded as recording earlier moods to which the interpreters with zealous industry have assigned occasions with date and circumstance; thus building up upon internal evidence a romantic history of the alleged love affair.

All this is diverting, and doubtless the pursuit of an autobiographic basis for the poems endues them for some readers with a new interest. It may be admitted, too, that the poems, by that air of reality and poignancy of feeling which is seldom reached in the great mass of contemporaneous and later sonneteering, give some color to the enterprise. But sonnet writing was epidemic in England and on the Continent both in Sidney's generation and that preceding it. Imitation of Petrarch, and of his Italian and French disciples, was a marked symptom of the literary renaissance in England, when every verse-maker must have his Laura, his Diana, or his Stella to immortalize. This should put us on our guard against the disposition to find in these conventional and somewhat artificial sonnets too close a record of veritable experience. Most poets have had to protest against the desire on the part of some of their readers to find in their poems a sort of *Journal intime*, and Sidney might have protested with especial reason. As one of the chorus of English poets who were sonnet-singing their lady loves, he was well aware how great a debt they all owed to Petrarch, Ronsard, Desportes, and others, not for the sentiments only, but also for the imagery and the very phrases of their verse. Many of the poems on

which the autobiographic interpretation most heavily leans, appear on closer study to have their immediate inspiration in sonnets of Petrarch or Desportes. Even the solemn and melodious sonnet which closes this collection, *Leave me, ô Love, which reachest but to dust*, is plainly derived from Petrarch's farewell to love's dominion. If we look at them in the light of their origin, taking into account the literary and social customs of the time, the poems seem to be less a lover's diary wherein he has set down the burning moments of a great passion, than the record of such a Platonic friendship as was then the fashion, and to which the sonnet sequence was the appropriate tribute.

It is fortunately unnecessary to seek for any adventitious source of interest in Sidney's sonnets. From the moment of their appearance, they have possessed a charm and attraction which time has not yet dulled. No doubt part of this charm is a reflection from the personality of their author; for, as Mr. Saintsbury says, in apologizing for giving so much space to Sidney in his *History of English Literature*, "his personality does seem in some strange way to have rayed out more influence than that of any man in his generation."

It would in fact be surprising if the fame of Sidney had not given his sonnets a special attraction apart from their intrinsic quality; for England has hardly produced since his day another hero equally noble and equally lovable. From his youth Philip Sidney was a rare spirit, admired and emulated even by his elders. His parents, themselves born to great names and accustomed to great dignities, seem to have considered him the brightest ornament of their lives, and his father spoke of him as "Lumen familiæ suæ." His preceptor at Cambridge, who could hardly have known him long, and his friend Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, who was a life-long

friend and intimate companion, united in thinking their relation to Sidney a thing so memorable in their lives as to deserve recording in their epitaphs: the one had it engraved on his tomb that he had been Sidney's instructor, the other ordered inscribed over him the line "Friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

The chief statesmen of the time regarded him as England's rising hope; poets and philosophers sought his company, scholars presented their theories, engineers their plans, and artists their paintings for his criticism. His reputation abroad was no less brilliant than at home. When the throne of Poland fell vacant, rumor nominated him for the succession; William of Orange wrote in congratulation to Queen Elizabeth upon having in him a counselor of state so ripe and wise; Giordano Bruno, the philosopher-theologian, and Henri Estienne (Stephanus), the famous scholar-printer, each dedicated to him two books, in this following the example of Sidney's fellow-countrymen; for Spenser had before this dedicated to him the *Shepherd's Calendar;* as had Hakluyt the first volume of his *Voyages* and Stephen Gosson his *School of Abuse*, which had drawn from Sidney the *Apologie for Poetrie.*

He was the perfect type of Elizabethan Englishman. Well-born, — there was no better blood in England than flowed in his veins, — well-bred, loved and admired no less for his learning and his piety than for his valor and his personal charm, Sidney was formed to be a national ideal. So he became while he still lived, but the chivalrous and heroic manner of his death raised him in his country's eyes and has canonized him in his country's memory. When he died the grief of England was echoed in every country of Europe; the Netherlands vainly requested the privilege of having him

buried in their soil: Duplessis Mornay, the French diplomatist, lamented the loss Christendom had suffered in his death, while Mendoza, the Spanish secretary, expressed his country's relief at the removal of so great a foe, in words that were matched by Elizabeth's statement that she had lost her mainstay in the struggle with Spain. He was buried at St. Paul's, and his funeral took on the character of a solemn pageant in which high and low took part. There seems hardly to have been another such funeral for a private man in England. It was accompanied by royal magnificence and by a depth of feeling that left long reverberations, so that a contemporary chronicler relates, "it was accounted a sin for any gentleman of quality, for many months after, to appear at Court or City in any light or gaudy apparel."

July, 1904.

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Certaine Sonets

CERTAINE SONETS.

'I ease can never find.'

SINCE *shunning paine, I ease can never find;*
Since bashfull dread seekes where he knowes me harmed;
Since will is won, and stoppèd ears are charmed;
Since force doth faint, and sight doth make me blind;

Since loosing long, the faster still I bind;
Since naked sence can conquer reason armed;
Since heart in chilling feare with yce is warmed;
In fine, since strife of thought but marres the mind;

I yeeld, ô Love! unto thy loathèd yoke,
Yet craving law of armes, whose rule doth teach,
That hardly usde, who ever prison broke,
In justice quit, of honour made no breach:
Whereas if I a gratefull gardien have,
Thou art my Lord, and I thy vowèd slave.

'Only Bondage gain.'

WHEN *Love, puft up with rage of hy disdaine,*
Resolv'd to make me patterne of his might;
Like foe, whose wits inclin'd to deadly spite,
Would often kill to breed more feeling paine;

He would not, arm'd with Beautie, only raigne
On those affectes which easily yeeld to sight;
But vertue sets so high, that reason's light,
For all his strife can onlie bondage gaine.

So that I live to pay a mortall fee.
Dead palsie sicke of all my chiefest parts:
Like those whom dreames make uglie monsters see,
And can crie helpe with nought but grones and starts:
Longing to have, having no wit to wish:
To starving minds such is God Cupid's *dish!*

Song: 'The Nightingale.'

To the tune of Non credo gia che piu infelice amante.

THE *fire to see my wrongs, for anger burneth;*
The aire in raine, for my affliction weepeth;
The sea to ebbe, for griefe, his flowing turneth;
The earth with pitie dull, the center keepeth:
Fame is with wonder blazed;
Time runnes away for sorow;
Place standeth still amazed,
To see my night of evils, which hath no morow.
Alas, all-onely she no pitie taketh,
To know my miseries, but chaste and cruell,
My fall her glorie maketh:
Yet still her eyes give to my flames their fuell.

Fire, burne me quite, till sense of burning leave me!
Aire, let me draw no more thy breath in anguish!
Sea, drowned in thee, of tedious life bereave me!
Earth take this earth, wherein my spirits languish!
Fame, say I was not borne!
Time, haste my dying hower!
Place, see my grave uptorne!
Fire, aire, sea, earth, fame, time, place, shew your power!

Alas, from all their helpe I am exiled:
For hers am I, and death feares her displeasure.
Fie, death! thou art beguiled!
Though I be hers, she makes of me no treasure.

To the same tune.

THE *Nightingale—as soone as Aprill bringeth*
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing springeth—
Sings out her woes, a thorne her song-booke making:
And mournfully bewailing,
Her throate in tunes expresseth
What griefe her breast oppresseth,
For Thereus' *force, on her chaste will prevailing.*
O Philomela *faire! ô take some gladnesse!*
That here is juster cause of plaintfull sadnesse;
Thine earth now springs! mine fadeth:
Thy thorne without! my thorne my heart invadeth.

Alas, she hath no other cause of anguish
But Thereus' *love; on her by strong hand wrokne;*
Wherein she suffring, all her spirits languish,
Full womanlike complaines her will was brokne.
But I—who dayly craving,
Cannot have to content me—
Have more cause to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe than too much having.
O Philomela *faire! ô take some gladnesse!*
That here is juster cause of plaintfull sadnesse;
Thine earth now springs! mine fadeth:
Thy thorne without! my thorne my heart invadeth.

Child Song.

To the tune of Basciami vita mia.

SLEEPE, *Babie mine, Desire! nurse Beautie singeth:*
Thy cries, ô Babie, set my head on aking:
The Babe cries 'way, thy love doth keepe me waking!

Lully, lully, my babe, hope cradle bringeth
Unto my children alway good rest taking:
The babe cries 'way, thy love doth keepe me waking!

Since babie mine, from me thy watching springeth,
Sleepe then a litle, pap content is making:
The babe cries nay, for that abide I waking!

Verses.

To the tune of the Spanish song, Se tu señora no dueles de mi.

O FAIRE, *ô sweet, when I do look on thee,*
In whom all ioyes so well agree,
Heart and soule do sing in me.
This you heare is not my tongue,
Which once said what I conceaved,
For it was of use bereaved,
With a cruell answer stong.
No, though tongue to roof be cleaved,
Fearing least he chastisde be:
Heart and soule do sing in me.

O faire, ô sweete, &c.
Just accord all musike makes;
In thee just accord excelleth,
Where each part in such peace dwelleth,
One of other beautie takes.
Since then truth to all minds telleth,
That in thee lives harmonie:
Heart and soule do sing in me.

O faire, ô sweet, &c.
They that heav'n have knowne, do say
That who so that grace obtaineth,
To see what faire sight there raigneth,
Forced are to sing alway:
So then, since that heaven remaineth
In thy face, I plainly see:
Heart and soule do sing in me.

O faire, ô sweete, &c.
Sweete, thinke not I am at ease,
For because my cheefe part singeth;
This song from deathe's sorrow springeth:
As to Swanne in last disease:
For no dumbnesse nor death bringeth
Stay to true love's melody:
Heart and soule do sing in me.

These foure following Sonnets were made when his Ladie had paine in her face.

'Paine.'

THE scourge of life, and death's extreame disgrace,
The smoke of hell, the monster callèd paine;
Long sham'd to be accurst in every place,
By them who of his rude resort complaine;
Lyke crafty wretch, by time and travell tought,
His ugly evill in others' good to hide,
Late harbers in her face whom nature wrought
As treasure house where her best gifts do bide.
And so by priviledge of sacred seate,
A seate where beauty shines and vertue raignes,
He hopes for some small praise since she hath great,
Within her beames wrapping his cruell staines.
Ah, saucy paine! let not thy errour last,
More loving eyes she draws, more hate thou hast.

'Wo, wo'!

Wo! wo, to me! on me returne the smart!
My burning tongue hath bred my mistresse paine:
For oft in paine to paine my painefull heart
With her due praise did of my state complaine.
I praisde her eyes whom never chance doth move,
Her breath which makes a sower answer sweete,
Her milken breasts the nurse of child-like love,
Her legges (ô legges), her ay well stepping feete.
Paine heard her praise, and full of inward fire,
(First sealing up my heart as pray of his)
He flies to her, and boldned with desire,
Her face (this age's praise) the thiefe doth kisse!
O paine! I now recant the praise I gave,
And sweare she is not worthy thee to have.

'Lothed paine.'

THOU *paine, the onely guest of loath'd constraint,*
The child of curse, man's weaknesse' foster-child,
Brother to woe, and father of complaint:
Thou paine, thou hated paine! from heav'n exilde;
How holdst thou her, whose eyes constraint doth feare?
Whom curst do blesse, whose weaknesse vertues arme,
Who others' woes and plaints can chastly beare:
In whose sweete heav'n Angels of high thoughts swarme.
What courage strange hath caught thy caitife hart,
Fear'st not a face that oft whole harts devowres?
Or art thou from above bid play this part,
And so no helpe gainst envy of those powers?
If thus alas: yet while those partes have wo,
So stay her toung, that she no more say no.

'O cruell paine.'

And have I heard her say? ô cruell paine!
And doth she know what mould her beautie beares?
Mournes she in truth, and thinks that others faine?
Feares she to feele, and feeles not others' feares?
Or doth she think all paine the minde forbeares?
That heavie earth, not fierie sprites may plaine?
That eyes weepe worse then hart in bloodie teares?
That sense feeles more then what doth sense containe?
No, no, she is too wise, she knowes her face
Hath not such paine as it makes other have:
She knows the sicknesse of that perfect place
Hath yet such health as it my life can save.
But this she thinks, our paine hye cause excuseth,
Where her who should rule paine, false paine
abuseth.

Translated out of *Horace*, which beginnes *Rectius vives.*

You better sure shall live, not evermore
Trying high seas, nor while seas rage, you flee,
Pressing too much upon ill harbourd shore.

The golden meane who loves, lives safely free
From filth of foreworne house, and quiet lives,
Releast from Court, where ennvie needes must be.

The windes most oft the hugest Pine tree greeves:
The stately towers come downe with greater fall:
The highest hills the bolt of thunder cleeves.

Evill happes do fill with hope, good happes appall
With feare of change, the courage well preparde:
Fowle Winters, as they come, away they shall!

Though present times and past with evils be snarde,
They shall not last: with Citherne, silent muse,
Apollo wakes, and bow hath sometime sparde.

In hard estate, with stowt shew valor use!
The same man still in whom wise doome prevailes,
In too full winde draw in thy swelling sailes!

Out of *Catullus.*

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle,
Quam mihi non si se Jupiter ipse petat,
Dicit sed mulier Cupido quae dicit amanti,
In vento aut rapida scribere optet aqua.

Unto *no body, my woman saith, she had rather a wife be*
Then to my selfe, not though Jove *grew a suter of hers.*
These be her words, but a woman's words to a love that is eager,
In wind or water's streame do require to be writ.

Out of *Seneca.*

Qui sceptra saevus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes, metus in Authorem redit.

Faire, *seeke not to be feard; most lovely, beloved by thy servants;*
For true it is, that they feare many whom many feare.

'The seeled dove.'

Like as the Dove, which seelèd up doth flie,
Is neither freed, nor yet to service bound,
But hopes to gaine some helpe by mounting hie,
Till want of force do force her fall to ground.

Right so my minde, caught by his guiding eye,
And thence cast off, where his sweete hurt be found,
Hath never leave to live, nor doome to dye;
Nor held in evill, nor suffered to be sound.

But with his wings of fancies up he goes,
To hie conceits whose fruits are oft but small,
Till wounded, blind, and wearied spirite, lose
Both force to flie and knowledge where to fall.
O happie Dove, if she no bondage tried!
More happie I, might I in bondage bide!

'The Satyr' by E. D.

PROMETHEUS *when first from heaven hie*
He brought downe fire, ere then on earth not seene;
Fond of Delight, a Satyre standing by,
Gave it a kisse, as it like sweete had beene.

Felling forthwith the other burning power,
Wood with the smart with showts and shryking shrill,
He sought his ease in river, field, and bower;
But for the time his griefe went with him still.

So silly I, with that unwonted sight
In humane shape an Angell from above,
Feeding mine eyes, the impression there did light;
That since I runne and rest as pleaseth love,
The difference is, the Satire's lippes, my hart;
He for a while, I evermore have smart.

'The Satyr' [answered by Sidney].

A SATYRE *once did runne away for dread,*
With sound of horne, which he him selfe did blow:
Fearing and feared, thus from himselfe he fled,
Deeming strange evill in that he did not know.

Such causelesse feares when coward minds do take,
It makes them flie that which they faine would have:
As this poore beast who did his rest for sake,
Thinking not why, but how himselfe to save.

Even thus might I, for doubts which I conceave
Of mine owne wordes, my owne goodhap betray,
And thus might I, for feare of may be, leave
The sweete pursute of my desirèd pray.
Better like I thy Satyre, deerest Dyer,
Who burnt his lips to kisse faire shining fire.

'A constant faith.'

My mistresse lowers and saith I do not love:
I do protest, and seeke with service due,
In humble mind a constant faith to prove;
But for all this I can not her remove
From deepe vaine thought that I may not be true.

If othes might serve, even by the Stygian lake,
Which Poets say, the gods them selves do feare,
I never did my vowèd word forsake:
For why should I, whom free choise slave doth make?
Else what in face, then in my fancie beare.

My Muse, therefore—for onely thou canst tell—
Tell me the cause of this my causelesse woe,
Tell how illthought disgrac'd my doing well:
Tell how my joyes and hopes thus fowly fell
To so lowe ebbe, that wonted were to flowe.

O this it is, the knotted straw is found.
In tender harts, small things engender hate:
A horse's worth laid wast the Troyan ground:—
A three-foote stoole in Greece, *made Trumpets sound.*
An Asse's shade ere now hath bred debate.

If Greekes *themselves were mov'd with so small cause,*
To twist those broyles, which hardly would untwine:
Should Ladies faire be tyed to such hard lawes,
As in their moodes to take a lingring pawse?
I would it not, their mettall is too fine.

My hand doth not beare witnesse with my hart,
She saith, because I make no wofull laies,
To paint my living death, and endlesse smart:
And so, for one that felt god Cupid's *dart,*
She thinks I leade and live too merrie daies.

Are Poets *then the onely lovers true?*
Whose hearts are set on measuring a verse:
Who thinke themselves well blest, if they renew
Some good old dumpe, that Chaucer's *mistresse knew,*
And use but you for matters to rehearse.

Then, good Apollo! *do away thy bowe!*
Take harp and sing in this our versing time:
And in my braine some sacred humour flowe:
That all the earth my woes, sighes, teares may know:
And see you not that I fall now to ryme!

As for my mirth, how could I but be glad,
Whilst that, me thought, I justly made my bost
That onely I the onely Mistresse had?
But now, if ere my face with joy be clad;
Thinke Hannibal *did laugh when Carthage lost!*

Sweet Ladie, as for those whose sullen cheare,
Compar'd to me, made me in lightnesse found:
Who Stoick-like in clowdie hew appeare:
Who silence force, to make their words more deare:
Whose eyes seeme chaste, because they looke on ground:
Beleeve them not; for Phisicke true doth finde,
Choler adust is joyed in woman-kinde.

'Wonted walkes.'

In wonted walkes, since wonted fancies change,
Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth rise:
For in each thing wherto mine eye doth range,
Part of my paine me seemes engravèd lyes.

The Rockes, which were of constant mind the marke,
In clyming steepe, now hard refusall show:
The shading woods seeme now my Sunne to darke,
And stately hilles disdaine to looke so low.

The restfull Caves now restlesse visions give;
In Dales, I see each way a hard assent:
Like late mowne meades, late cut from Joy I live;
Alas, sweete Brookes do in my teares augment:
Rockes, woods, hilles, caves, dales, meads, brookes,
answere me:
Infected mindes infect each thing they see.

'Rebell sence.'

If I could thinke how these my thoughts to leave,
Or thinking still my thoughts might have good end:
If rebell sence would reason's law receave:
Or reason foyld would not in vaine contend:
Then might I thinke what thoughts were best to thinke:
Then might I wisely swimme, or gladly sinke.

If either you would change your cruell hart,
Or cruell (still) time did your beautie staine:
If from my soule this love would once depart,
Or for my love some love I might obtaine:
Then might I hope a change or ease of minde,
By your good helpe, or in my selfe to finde.

But since my thoughts in thinking still are spent,
With reason's strife, by sense's overthrowne,
You fairer still, and still more cruell bent,
I loving still a love that loveth none,
I yeeld and strive, I kisse and curse the paine:
Thought, reason, sense, time, you, and I, maintaine.

A Farewell.

OFT *have I musde, but now at length I finde*
Why those that die, men say they do depart:
Depart, a word so gentle to my minde,
Weakely did seeme to paint death's ougly dart.

But now the starres, with their strange course do binde
Me one to leave, with whom I leave my hart:
I heare a crye of spirits, faint and blinde,
That parting thus my chiefest part I part.

Part of my life, the loathèd part to me,
Lives to impart my wearie clay some breath:
But that good part, wherein all comforts be,
Now dead, doth shew departure is a death.
Yea worse then death, death parts both woe and joy,
From joy I part, still living in annoy.

'Absence for to prove.'

FINDING *those beames, which I must ever love,*
To marre my minde; and with my hurt to please:
I deemed it best some absence for to prove,
If further place might further me to ease.

My eyes thence drawne, where livèd all their light,
Blinded forthwith in darke dispaire did lye:
Like to the Molde with want of guiding sight,
Deepe plunged in earth, deprivèd of the skie.

In absence blind, and wearied with that woe,
To greater woes by presence I returne:
Even as the flye, which to the flame doth goe,
Pleased with the light, that his small corse doth burne:
Faire choice I have, either to live or dye
A blinded Molde, or else a burnèd flye!

The 7. Wonders of *England.*

NEERE Wilton *sweete, huge heapes of stones are found,*
But so confusde, that neither any eye
Can count them just, nor reason reason trye,
What force brought them to so unlikely ground.

To stranger weights my minde's waste soile is bound,
Of passion hilles reaching to reason's skie,
From fancie's earth passing all numbers bound,
Passing all ghesse, whence into me should flye
So mazde a masse, or if in me it growes,
A simple soule should breed so mixèd woes.

THE Bruertons *have a Lake, which when the Sunne*
Approching warmes (not else), dead logges up sends,
From hideous depth; which tribute when it ends,
Sore signe it is, the Lord's last thred is spun.

My lake is sense, whose still streames never runne,
But when my Sunne her shining twinnes there bends;
Then from his depth with force in her begunne,
Long drownèd hopes to watrie eyes it lends:
But when that failes, my dead hopes up to take,
Their master is faire warn'd his will to make.

WE *have a fish, by strangers much admirde,*
Which caught, to cruell search yeelds his chiefe part:
(With gall cut out) closde up againe by art,
Yet lives untill his life be new requirde.

A stranger fish, myselfe—not yet expirde,
Though rapt with beautie's hooke—I did impart
My selfe unto th' Anatomy desirde,
Insteed of gall, leaving to her my hart:
Yet live with thoughts closde up, till that she will
By conquest's right, insteed of searching, kill.

PEAKE *hath a Cave, whose narrow entries finde*
Large roomes within, where droppes distill amaine:
Till knit with cold, though there unknowne remaine,
Decke that poore place with Alablaster linde.

Mine eyes the streight, the roomie cave, my minde;
Whose clowdie thoughts let fall an inward raine
Of sorrowe's droppes till colder reason binde
Their running fall into a constant vaine
Of trueth, farre more then Alablaster pure!
Which though despisde, yet still doth truth endure.

A FIELD *there is, where if a stake be prest*
Deepe in the earth, what hath in earth receipt,
Is chang'd to stone, in hardnesse, cold, and weight:
The wood above, doth soone consuming rest.

The earth, her eares: the stake is my request:
Of which, how much may pierce to that sweet seate,
To honor turned, doth dwell in honor's nest;
Keeping that forme, though void of wonted heate:
But all the rest, which feare durst not applie,
Failing themselves, with withered conscience, dye.

OF *ships, by shipwrack cast on* Albion *coast,*
Which rotting on the rockes, their death do dye:
From wodden bones, and bloud of pitch doth flie
A bird which gets more life then ship had lost.

My ship, desire, with winde of lust long tost,
Brake on faire cleeves of constant chastitie:
Where plagu'd for rash attempt, gives up his ghost,
So deepe in seas of vertue beauties ly.
But of this death flies up a purest love,
Which seeming lesse, yet nobler life doth move.

THESE *wonders England breedes. The last remaines.*
A Ladie, in despite of nature, chaste.
On whome all love, in whome no love is plaste,
Where fairenesse yeelds to wisdome's shortest raines.

An humble pride, a skorne that favour staines:
A woman's mould, but like an Angell graste,
An Angell's mind, but in a woman caste:
A heaven on earth, or earth that heaven containes:
Now thus this wonder to myselfe I frame;
She is the cause that all the rest I am.

To the tune of *Wilhemus* van *Nassaw*, &c.

Who hath his fancie pleased,
With fruits of happie sight,
Let here his eyes be raised
On nature's sweetest light.
A light which doth dissever,
And yet unite the eyes;
A light which dying never,
Is cause the looker dyes.

She never dies but lasteth
In life of lover's hart,
He ever dies that wasteth
In love his chiefest part.
Thus is her life still guarded,
In never dying faith:
Thus is his death rewarded,
Since she lives in his death.

Looke then and dye, the pleasure
Doth answere well the paine:
Small losse of mortall treasure,
Who may immortall gaine.
Immortall be her graces,
Immortall is her minde:
They fit for heavenly places,
This heaven in it doth binde.

But eyes these beauties see not,
Nor sence that grace descryes:
Yet eyes deprivèd be not,
From sight of her faire eyes,
Which as of inward glorie
They are the outward seale,
So may they live still sorie
Which die not in that weale.

But who hath fancies pleasèd,
With fruits of happie sight,
Let here his eyes be raysèd
On nature's sweetest light!

The smokes of Melancholy.

Who hath ever felt the change of love,
And knowne those pangs that the loosers prove,
May paint my face without seeing mee;
And write the state how my fancies bee:
The lothsome buds growne on sorrowe's tree.

But who by hearesay speakes, and hath not fully felt
What kind of fires they be in which those spirits melt,
Shall gesse, and faile, what doth displease;
Feeling my pulse, misse my disease.

O no! O no! tryall onely shewse
The bitter juice of forsaken woes,
Where former blisse present evils do staine,
Nay, former blisse addes to present paine;
While remembrance doth both states containe.

Come, learners, then to me, the modell of mishappe!
Engulfèd in despaire, slid downe from fortunes lappe!
And as you like my double lot,
Tread in my steppes, or follow not!

For me, alas, I am full resolv'd,
Those bands, alas, shall not be dissolv'd;
Nor breake my word, though reward come late;
Nor faile my faith in my failing fate;
Nor change in change, though change change my state.

But alwayes one my selfe with eagle-eyde trueth to flie
Up to the sunne, although the sunne my wings do frie:
For if those flames burne my desire,
Yet shall I die in Phænix *fire.*

'My deadly pleasure.'

WHEN, *to my deadlie pleasure,*
When, to my livelie torment,
Ladie, mine eyes remained,
Joyned, alas, to your beames.

With violence of heav'nly
Beautie tied to vertue,
Reason abasht retyred;
Gladly my senses yeelded.

Gladly my senses yeelding,
Thus to betray my hart's fort;
Left me devoid of all life.

They to the beamie Sunnes went,
Where by the death of all deaths;
Finde to what harme they hastned.

Like to the silly Sylvan,
Burn'd by the light he best liked,
When with a fire he first met.

Yet, yet, a life to their death,
Lady, you have reservèd,
Lady, the life of all love.

For, though my sense be from me,
And I be dead who want sense;
Yet do we both live in you.

Turned anew by your meanes,
Unto the flowre that ay turnes,
As you, alas, my Sunne bends.

Thus do I fall to rise thus,
Thus do I dye to live thus,
Changed to a change, I change not.

Thus may I not be from you!
Thus be my senses on you!
Thus what I thinke is of you!
Thus what I seeke is in you!
All what I am, it is you!

Verses.

To the tune of a *Neapolitan* song, which beginneth:
No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although with cruell fire,
First throwne on my desire,
She sackes my rendred sprite.
For so faire a flame embraces
All the places,
Where that heat of all heates springeth,
That it bringeth
To my dying heart some pleasure;
Since his treasure
Burneth bright in fairest light. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although, &c.
Since our lives be not immortall,
But to mortall
Fetters tyed, do waite the hower
Of deathe's power.
They have no cause to be sorie,
Who with glorie
End the way, where all men stay. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although, &c.
No man doubts, whom beautie killeth,
Faire death feeleth;
And in whome faire death proceedeth,
Glorie breedeth:
So that I, in her beames dying,
Glorie trying;
Though in paine, cannot complaine. No, no, no, no.

Song.

To the tune of a *Neapolitan Villanell.*

All my sense thy sweetnesse gained,
Thy faire haire my heart enchained;
My poore reason thy words moved,
So that thee like heaven I loved.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan:
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei:
While to my minde the out side stood
For messenger of inward good.

Now thy sweetnesse sowre is deemed,
Thy haire not worth a haire esteemed:
Reason hath thy words removed,
Finding that but words they proved.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan:
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei:
For no faire signe can credit winne,
If that the substance faile within.

No more in thy sweetnesse glorie!
For thy knitting haire be sorie!
Use thy words but to bewaile thee!
That no more thy beames availe thee.

Dan, dan,
Dan, dan.
Lay not thy colours more to view,
Without the picture be found true.

Wo to me! alas, she weepeth!
Foole in me! what follie creepeth,
Was I to blaspheme enraged,
Where my soule I have engaged?
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan.
And wretched I must yeeld to this;
The fault I blame her chastnesse is.

Sweetnesse, sweetly pardon folly;
Ty me, haire, your captive holly;
Words, ô words of heavenlie knowledge,
Know my words their faults acknowledge.
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan.
And all my life I will confesse,
The lesse I love, I live the lesse.

Translated out of the *Diana* of Montemajor in Spanish. Where *Sireno* a shepheard, pulling out a litle of his Mistresse *Diana's* haire, wrapt about with greene silke; who now had utterlie forsaken him: to the haire he thus bewaild himselfe.

WHAT *changes here, ô haire,*
I see since I saw you!
How ill fits you this greene to weare,
For hope the colour due.
Indeed I well did hope,
Though hope were mixt with feare,
No other shepheard should have scope,
Once to approch this heare.

Ah haire, how many dayes,
My Diane *made me shew,*
With thousand prety childish plaies,
If I ware you or no!
Alas, how oft with teares,
O teares of guilefull breast,
She seemèd full of jealous feares,
Whereat I did but jeast.

Tell me, ô haire of gold,
If I then faultie be,
That trust those killing eyes I would,
Since they did warrant me.
Have you not seene her mood,
What streames of teares she spent,
Till that I sware my faith so stood,
As her words had it bent?

Who hath such beautie seene
In one that changeth so?
Or where one's love so constant bene,
Who ever saw such woe?
Ah haire, are you not griev'd,
To come from whence you be;
Seeing how once you saw I liv'd,
To see me as you see?

On sandie banke of late,
I saw this woman sit,
Where, sooner die than change my state,
She with her finger writ:
Thus my beleefe was staid.
Behold Love's mightie hand
On things were by a woman said,
And written in the sand.

The same *Sireno* in Montemajor holding his mistresse glasse before her, looking upon her while she viewed herselfe, thus sang:

Of this high grace with blisse conjoyn'd
No further debt on me is laid;
Since that in selfe same mettall coin'd,
Sweet Ladie, you remaine well paid.
For if my place give me great pleasure,
Having before me Nature's treasure,
In face and eyes unmatchèd being:
You have the same in my hands, seeing
What in your face mine eyes do measure.

Nor thinke the match unev'nly made,
That of those beames in you do tarie:
The glasse to you but gives a shade,
To me mine eyes the true shape carie.
For such a thought most highlie prized,
Which ever hath Love's yoke despised:
Better then one captiv'd perceiveth,
Though he the lively forme receiveth:
The other sees it but disguised.

'Love is dead.'

RING *out your belles, let mourning shewes be spread,*
For love is dead:
All love is dead, infected
With plague of deepe disdaine:
Worth as nought worth rejected,
And Faith faire scorne doth gaine.
From so ungratefull fancie,
From such a femall franzie,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Weepe, neighbours, weepe; do you not heare it said
That Love is dead?
His death-bed, peacock's follie;
His winding sheete is shame;
His will, false-seeming holie;
His sole exectour, blame.
From so ungratefull, &c.

Let Dirge be sung, and Trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead:
Sir Wrong his tombe ordaineth:
My mistresse Marble-heart,
Which Epitaph containeth,
'Her eyes were once his dart.'
From so ungratefull, &c.

Alas, I lie: rage hath this errour bred;
Love is not dead;
Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatchèd mind,
Where she his counsell keepeth,
Till due desert she find.
Therefore from so vile fancie,
To call such wit a franzie:
Who love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

'Desire.'

THOU *blind man's marke, thou foole's selfe-chosen snare,*
Fond fancie's scum, and dregs of scattered thought:
Band of all evils, cradle of causelesse care,
Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought:

Desire! desire! I have too dearely bought,
With prise of mangled mind thy worthlesse ware;
Too long, too long asleepe thou hast me brought,
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.

But yet in vaine thou hast my ruine sought,
In vaine thou madest me to vaine things aspire,
In vaine thou kindlest all thy smokie fire!

For vertue hath this better lesson taught —
Within my selfe to seeke my onelie hire,
Desiring nought but how to kill desire.

'Aspire to higher things.'

LEAVE *me, ô Love, which reachest but to dust,*
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.

Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedomes be:
Which breakes the clowdes and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.

O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth drawes out to death,
And thinke how evill becommeth him to slide,
Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.
Then farewell, world, thy uttermost I see:
Eternall Love, maintaine thy life in me!

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

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